

Long May The Bells of Glory Ring....

FABULOUS CLASS OF '60 GRADUATES TODAY

Annual Dedication Honors Mrs. Patterson



The BELL RINGER

Tennessee's Foremost High-School Publication

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BARRY, SIMPSON VALEDICTORIAN, SALUTATORIAN

Three Juniors Become Totomoi Members

DEBATERS GRAB MID-SOUTH SWEEPSTAKES

THE CLASS OF 1960

The cream of Montgomery Bell Academy's scholastic crop this year are Dick Barry and Paul Simpson. Dick Barry, valedictorian, has compiled an average of 98.06 over his first seven semesters at MBA. This average does not lack much of being perfect, and it is one of the highest ever to be recorded at the academy. Paul Simpson's average of 96.43 has earned for him the honor of salutatorian.

Valedictorian and salutatorian both are extremely enviable honors. Besides superior mental achievement, hours of intensive

We are proud of the Class of 1960, the largest graduating class in the long history of Montgomery Bell Academy. This senior group has contributed so very much to the life of the school in scholarship, in athletics, in publications, in forensics, and in other extracurricular activities. But above all, the various members of the class have demonstrated a fine spirit of cooperation and loyalty. Their sense of honor, fair play, and seriousness of purpose is an example for other classes to observe and to follow. Thus it is that the School's gratitude and best wishes go with the Class of 1960. May they have success in college and enjoy happiness in the years ahead. May their achievements bring honor to themselves and glory to MBA.

Francis E. Carter, Jr.

NOTICES

Our entire academy received with great joy the announcement that Robert E. Carter, brother to the headmaster, was on the road to recovery. It is difficult to express the deep concern all felt upon learning of the violent attack upon Mr. Carter.

As we go to press, it is not known what the Senior Class gift to the school will be. All including the seniors are curious concerning the matter.

The ten top seniors for the first semester of 1959-1960 have been announced. They are as follows:

1. Dick Barry
2. Paul Simpson
- 3.5. Jack McChesland
- 3.5. John Witherspoon
5. Craig Nielson
6. Bobby Wood
7. Willie Hardison
8. Joe Howell
9. Wilson Frueher
10. Dan Murray

Mr. Lipscomb Davis recently addressed the MBA assembly. All were greatly appreciative of the brilliant message.

After a long debate within the editorial staff of this publication, it has been decided not to expose those writers who have employed pen names throughout the year. Sorry!

It is our sincere hope that you, the reader, have enjoyed this year's BELL RINGER. Have a wonderful summer!

Norton Campbell Delivers Sermon

On May 1, the Reverend Norton Campbell, Jr. delivered a sermon to the congregation of West and Methodist Church. In essence, Mr. Campbell explored the meaning of loneliness and the fact that few people really know us as we are.

Mr. Campbell stated that we have a great need of God, even as God created us in His loneliness. Mr. Campbell closed his inspiring address with the following: "When our loneliness is caught up in His love, there is power that endures for all time."

Mr. Campbell, the son of our own Mrs. Norton Campbell, is associate pastor at St. Mark's Methodist Church in Atlanta. He graduated from Vanderbilt and then attended the Candler School of Theology at Emory University. Mr. Campbell has agreed to become

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The results of the Mid-South Forensic Tournament, held on Saturday, May 7, were tremendously heartening to members of the student body and to Mrs. Campbell. In the tournament, Garth Adair took second place in original oratory, and Charlie Wray took third place in extemporaneous speaking. But it was in the debate section of the tournament in which MBA shone most brightly.

The affirmative team, composed of Craig Nielson and Morgan Kousser, won all three of its debates in duels with Sewanee, Lipscomb, and Castle Heights. The negative team, John Harwell and Aubrey Harwell, also won all three of its engagements, facing Lipscomb, Castle Heights, and Georgia Military Institute. The affirmative team from Castle Heights, defeated by MBA, had received two third place in the state tournament at Knoxville and in the tournament at the state.

In the individual scoring, Harwell, first with 250 points, and Nielson was second with 248 points. MBA was also fortunate enough to take the sweepstakes trophy by losing such schools as Baylor, McCallie, Georgia Military, Sewanee, Castle Heights, and David Lipscomb. Also participating in the tournament were Coleman Harwell, Paul Sloan, and Ronnie Jackson.

The trophy was presented to Mr. Carter and to the student body and student cheering on Monday, May 9.

Hill Speaker Captures Honors At Speech Contest

On Wednesday, April 6, Gareth Adair delivered an original speech, "The Voice of Optimism," in assembly. Later in that day, Gareth won the Downtown Optimist Club Speech Contest and also won the right to speak at the district contest held at Springfield on April 19.

"The Voice of Optimism" scored again as Gareth won the district contest. He will receive a trip to Gatlinburg and will participate in the state contest. Gareth attributes his success to many hours of hard work under the capable assistance of Mrs. Campbell. We of THE BELL RINGER wish Gareth good luck at Gatlinburg.

Ray Francis

Study Hall to Become Wallace Building

This summer the study hall will undergo complete remodeling. There will be seven classrooms downstairs and a reception and auditorium and study hall upstairs. There will be a tremendous stage at the south end of the second floor. The west side of the building will become the front with the addition of columns and a door. This modern facility will be called the Wallace Building in honor of Wallace School.

Ray Francis

MBA Organizations Eye 1961

At MBA we have many outstanding clubs and organizations in which the students have participated. Some of these are honorary and others are those to which anyone who has a desire to do so may join.

Next year, leading THE BELL RINGER will be Editor-in-Chief Ray Francis, Executive Assistants Coleman Harwell and Morgan Kousser, News Editor Dee McGee, Features Editor Allen McDaniel, Sports Editor Tommy Worrall, and Business Manager Eddie deZevallo.

Among the clubs of MBA is the Key Club. Directing this club

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Revered Alumnus Addresses Assembly

Early in the month, MBA was privileged to have Bill Wade as guest speaker in assembly. Mr. Wade, a graduate of MBA's Class of '48 and an outstanding student, is now a quarterback on the Los Angeles Rams professional football team. During the off-season, Bill makes his home in Nashville where he is employed by a local firm.

Bill began his address by reminiscing about the years he spent at MBA and by recalling a few amusing incidents in his life. He then spoke seriously to the students on what he considers his motto: "Out front, on top." He said that a person should "go hard to get ahead in life and should continue to work hard to stay on top. Judging from that which this man has done for Mr. Wade, his talk should inspire many boys. Bill Wade is a paragon of the type of man that MBA is proud to call its own.

Tommy Cowan

BULLETIN

Approximately one half of an hour ago, it was announced that this year's publication of The Bell is dedicated to Mrs. Harley Patterson. The tremendous ovation given Mrs. Patterson amply demonstrated the love all feel for the lady who has become practically a legend to all those associated with this academy.

Mrs. Patterson has not only consistently performed to the fullest extent in her position here, but also she has won the total admiration of all those with whom she has come in contact. To the boys she has been a mother; to the faculty, an ever ready assistant; and to the parents, a constant aid. Throughout her years at this school, "Miss Pat" has manifested understanding of boys, tolerance of their human traits, and equal justice for all. THE BELL RINGER with great pleasure fully endorses the dedication of the annual to Mrs. Patterson—helpful, kind, and self-sacrificing for the preservation of a great ideal.

On May 19, the Totomoi Honorary Society held its spring tapping ceremonies, the third tapping of the year. The spring tapping is designed specifically for Junior Class members. The three outstanding juniors honored were David Walker, Allan Terry, and Tommy Worrall.

Allan Terry was honored by Totomoi for his endeavor in athletics, organizations, and student government. During three years' span, Allan has excelled primarily in his leadership in school organizations. He has been a member of the Key Club as a sophomore and as a junior; also as a junior he has taken part in the Forensics Club in the Monogram Club, and in the Hi-Y Club. He has been elected president for both the Hi-Y Club and the Forensic Club of next year. In addition to these activities, he has taken the time to write for THE BELL RINGER during his sophomore and junior years.

Allan has proved himself an outstanding leader of his class; he has served on the Honor Council

Major E. Miller Robinson Distinguishes Self

Always interested in activities of MBA's alumni, THE BELL RINGER has received word that Major E. Miller Robinson, a graduate of the Class of '41, was awarded a Citation for the Commendation Ribbon. At MBA, Major Robinson captured the award of "Best All-Around Boy" and was highest in character, scholarship, leadership, and athletics.

After graduation from MBA, Major Robinson attended Vanderbilt and then West Point. He graduated from West Point in 1946. Miller was a Phi Delta Theta and has spent three years in Japan and three years in Germany. Major Miller will reside in Washington during this summer.

School Improvements Arouse Interest

Several new improvements have been made in the school throughout the year. In the fall, the heating system was greatly improved. During the spring vacation, the cafeteria was remodeled. An old storage room was converted into a dish-washing room; in this room was installed a new dish-washer. Also the cafeteria was painted and a general improvement.

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The Finishing Touches

Thursday night, May 26, the Senior Class was treated to a party at Montgomery Bell State Park, a party which proved to be the apex of four years of extremely enjoyable social activities of the class of 1960. The Ladies Auxiliary gave generously in order to afford the senior class this superlative social that shall not be forgotten soon.

Although the party was scheduled for from 7:00-11:30 p.m., several people made the thirty-five mile journey earlier in order to enjoy a late swim, a picnic around the lake, and a few friendly games. These hurbingers also had an enjoyable time exploring the obscure corners of the park—accompanied by female companions, of course.

At the 7:00 hour, upon entering the dining hall, the seniors encountered small orchids for the girls and a novel place card for the boys adorning the place settings. Also adorning the place settings were small orchids for the girls and a novel place card for the boys.

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We Welcome Our Guests

THE BELL RINGER, on behalf of the student body and of the faculty of Montgomery Bell Academy, wishes to welcome the alumni, the parents, and the friends of the school to the graduation ceremonies for the Class of 1960. We hope that all of you will enjoy your visit to the academy; if there is a part of the campus which you particularly desire to see, please do not hesitate to ask any student to show you around. We thank you for your interest in this growing institution.

The BELL RINGER

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"Tennessee's oldest prep school"
Nashville, Tennessee
Headmaster—Mrs. FRANCIS E. CARTER

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To Everyone, Thanks!

This is the sixth and final edition of *The Bell Ringer* for the season of 1959-'60. It has been a good year for us, a year that has seen progress in the development of this publication. We wish at this time to recognize those who have this year played such vital roles in the success of the academy's newspaper; we must consider also at this time the future and the purpose of *The Bell Ringer*.

Our heartfelt appreciation must first be expressed to the members of *The Bell Ringer* staff. Our editors, our reporters, our photographers, our artists, and our business personnel have performed to the height of their capabilities. Their co-operation, understanding, dedication, and time have been of indispensable worth to the publication. Without them, MBA's newspaper could not exist; with them, we have maintained our standards of concise reporting, high morale, able wit, and deep thoughts. To the future editors, we wish the good fortune of securing so excellent a staff.

We now turn to the press. McQuiddy's has rendered services to us far beyond that which might be expected of such a large organization. The observer would have on occasions felt that McQuiddy Printing Company was working exclusively for *The Bell Ringer*. The printers have met many seemingly impossible deadlines with calmness and determination. We wish also to thank Mr. H. W. Griffin of McQuiddy's for his consistent encouragement, advice, and aid. We cannot over-emphasize the vitality of McQuiddy's to *The Bell Ringer*.

Our gratitude goes also to the readers of our publication. Early in the year, we received a note of congratulation from Mrs. John H. Martin of Fort Campbell Junior High; throughout the year, we have received other notes of encouragement from Mrs. Martin. To the parents of students here, to the students, to friends and alumni of the academy, to the English Department of MBA, and to the faculty in general we extend our sincerest thanks. In addition, we appreciate the criticism and assistance of Mr. James Poston, our faculty advisor. From the reaction of our public we alter our format and obtain our inspiration. The most casual word of endorsement serves as fuel for the continuation of our work.

Finally, we view the coming years. It is our hope that *The Bell Ringer* will continue to develop, to change, to progress. The publication must be aware of all that for which it exists. We must entertain the student body to the extent that we are often risqué, but we cannot lose our discretion. We must understand always that *The Bell Ringer* represents MBA to the public. The paper must further all school causes, maintain high morale within the student body, explore stimulating realms of thought through editorials, and enjoy the sanction of the school administration at all times.

May the fates smile upon our successors and grant them resolution, inspiration, and triumph in all journalistic endeavors. May the sun forever shine upon this our beloved Alma Mater.

—The Editor

To the Juniors

Next year, MBA will be your school. Naturally, no school is any better than its students. It will be your responsibility to uphold MBA's honor and traditions. Next year, of course, will be a difficult year. It has been thus for every graduating senior class in the academy's history. Therefore, next year will not be a time for relaxation, but rather a time for hard work, study, and decision. Nineteen hundred and sixty-one will mark a turning point in your lives. Most of you will be going away to college, to new experiences, and to new acquaintances. You must be working toward a sound preparation for college and, in a broader sense, for life. Your studies in English, mathematics, science, and foreign languages will of necessity be more rigorous than any of your previous courses in these fields. There will be times when you will feel proud of having made a good grade on a test; yet, there will be times when you will feel as if everything were working against you, as you would not succeed even if you tried. You may find that there are not quite enough hours in the day to do everything that has to be done. You will have more to do than you have had at any time so far at MBA. Nevertheless, you will be seniors. Everyone in the school will look toward you for examples in conduct, for inspiration, and for guidance in studies. You represent what MBA has to offer; you hold the knowledge that the school has given you. MBA is part of you; and you, part of MBA.

The Class of '60 has given you big shoes to fill in scholarship, in athletics, and in extra curricular activities which are so deeply rooted in MBA's background. Your tasks will be numerous. Not only must you complete your studies satisfactorily; but also you must prove yourselves on the football field, on the basketball floor, and on the track, as well as in all your other physical endeavors. There will be an annual to be prepared, a newspaper to be published periodically, and clubs and organizations to be supported. Indeed, your work is cut out for you. However, no matter how hard your job may seem, your friendships at MBA will be lasting; and your experiences here, rewarding. You will be the envy of every underclassman, the acme; you will be the Seniors of 1961.

The Big Question

The symbols or determining factors of "status" are innumerable in America. Criteria of class stratification range through all fields: monetary, educational, social, ethnological. It is this latter field that shall be dealt with here. For race is the supreme social symbol; a person's race can rarely be hidden and marks him immediately. Therefore, a person is especially one of an ethnological majority, is socially stratified at sight and may thus have one strike against him in the eyes of the ethnological majority. In our country not only is legal action governed by majority rule, but also basic ideas of the American citizen seem to be determined by majority rule. Hence, the majority determines, somewhat dogmatically, good and bad, superior and inferior. The member of a minority race is often deemed inferior by this shallow and irrational thinking of the public. He is placed, at first glance, in a certain social stratum and is forcibly retained there; his status receives little afterthought, except that he ought "to be kept in his place."

The American Negro finds himself in such a state. The Negro's ancestors were looked at, marked, and socially placed at the bottom. The Negro today is also superficially looked at, marked, and retained in his old status. He is kept in his old place because, by and large, he has not done enough to recommend him a higher status in the eyes of the majority. Yet, it seems that he has done and will do little to deserve a higher status because he has been so stringently held in his old place. The Negro desires a higher status; his leaders realize that he is powerfully held. The majority has, in recent years, taken steps to advance the Negro; nevertheless, the process is very slow. Therefore, the Negro leader, the minister or the student, bursts out in protest; he "sits in." With status becoming all-important in America, it must be little wonder that the Negro desires it also. If he is going to be held in his place, he must try hard to release himself in his own way. It is, after many years, his only remaining recourse.

It is difficult to write of this subject without seeming highly biased. Perhaps it is thought that the article has an "integrationist" tone. However, this would be a misinterpretation. *The Bell Ringer* cannot commit itself for segregation or integration; here, it is not even concerned with being so opinionated. It is preferred that the tone of this article be thought of as liberal, a desire for abolition of intolerance of thought. We must do away with the old method of superficially judging status by what meets the eye. We must look more deeply into the matter, judging status (if we must have it) by the more obscure qualities of a minority; what it can do if allowed the opportunity and the training to do it. We must not be so intolerant as to repudiate a people for its lack of advancement if the people is continually held "in its place." Opinions about racial separation are many and varied: it is right; it is wrong; it is necessary; it ought not to exist; it seems that hypocrisy exists somewhere. If it does exist, it exists between our morals, our principles, and our laws and practices. The vain issue of interpretation of laws and morals must cease and be resolved, for it is getting us nowhere. *The Bell Ringer* advocates at this time only a sincere, heartfelt consideration of the racial situation. We must resolve the issue. We must abide by our moral convictions of right. And if we still find contradictions between our principles and actions, we must change our morals to suit our actions.

In Parting, the Final Address

Doubtless, every senior class of this academy has earnestly believed that it was quite unique. In that respect, the Senior Class of 1960 does not differ from all past graduating classes. But the record demonstrates conclusively that the '60 class has indeed been an extraordinary one.

The Bell Ringer has no desire to laud the merit of the graduating class. Such praise would be meaningless. Rather, we wish to probe into the very soul of the class, the source of its unquestioned greatness.

There have been brilliant scholars in the Class of '60; there have been magnificent athletes, excellent orators, firm leaders, possessors of varied abilities and talents in the class. But to the individuals, to the responsible persons, to the deep thinkers must the class achievement be attributed. Those individuals have participated within a plan, a plan harnessed directly for the extraction of the highest production possible from the group.

The plan at first appears to embody a paradox. The first phase of the plan has concerned solidarity; the second, total acceptance of individual energies. The class has realized from the beginning the necessity of unity; it has wished to give to the student body a real sense of security, of stability. There has been strife within the class graduating today; the strife, however, was consistently analyzed and demolished before it could augment itself and seep into the vision of the academy. Under powerful, resolute leaders, the class leaves MBA today as firmly united in friendship and in purpose as it could ever have hoped to be.

With unity established, the class has diversified its goals. On every front, it has been strong. No turmoil of persons grasping blindly for the same attainment has ever weakened the Class of '60. Each classmate has engaged in the field or fields for which he is best suited. Consequently, all phases of school life have been upheld by the few most adept in those fields. Never has there been more joy in the accomplishment of each member of a class or more deep concern for those in troubled waters. It should be easily understood: the class has constituted a diversified unit. In all fields of endeavor, reverence for and trust in God, love of MBA, and a pride in the class have formed the common bond.

Today, the class departs. There is pathos for each senior at this time. The seniors will leave to the school a gift; that tradition is honored by all. But, upon the student body, the class chooses to bestow another sort of gift, an intangible ideal which each senior today respects. The ideal is simply that each class must have a plan; no class can hope to be a whit greater than its plan.

May the future be good to the teachers and students of our academy. Good-by and good luck!

A Word to the Faculty

On the eve of graduation, as one reminisces on his four years here—four years which have passed too, too quickly—many experiences are recalled, some serious, some sad, but many gay, happy, and exciting. These experiences were shared—and caused—not only by our fellow classmates, but also by our teachers.

MBA is fortunate in having one of the finest prep-school teaching staffs, if not—in the opinion of our class—the finest, in the South. Each teacher, from the seventh grade through the twelfth, is unforgettable, for each has, just as the pupils have, a unique personality. Nevertheless, all of the instructors here have a common goal: the education and preparation of the students in every class to the greatest possible extent.

Naturally, our graduating class is not looking to the past only. We also anticipate the opportunities and hardships which lie before us. Although the struggle ahead will be most difficult, we are confident that we will succeed. This confidence and will to succeed has, for the most part, been instilled by the faculty. They have expressed

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BARRY, SIMPSON

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work throughout high school are necessary to win these positions. The awards are not decided upon or given by a group; these awards must be earned by studying relentlessly and demonstrating accurately on tests the knowledge which has been gained. Realizing that Dick and Paul have earned these honors by their own resources, *The Bell Ringer* staff wishes to congratulate them whole-heartedly and to wish them further good fortune in college.

Since his freshman year, Dick Barry has been recognized by both classmates and teachers as the smartest student in his class. Barry has won nine medals in his first three years for having the highest average in these nine subjects. He was also a National Merit Scholarship Finalist. Barry has represented the school well academically: in the Davidson County Math Contest, he placed first in Plane Geometry his junior year and second in Comprehensive Math his senior year. Dick was a member of the Math Club two years, being president in his junior year. He is a member of the National Honor Society and of the Hi-Y Club, the secretary-treasurer of the Forensics Club, and Features Editor of *The Bell Ringer*. Dick has compiled quite a record at MBA and is expected to be an outstanding success in later life.

The salutatorian, Paul Simpson, has also created a name for himself on the Hill. Paul has been honored in nearly every possible field. He is a member of Totomoi, the highest honor for a student of MBA. He won three medals in the National Merit Finalist, and is a member of the Senior Honor Society. Paul served as secretary of his junior and senior classes, as president of the Sophomore Math Club, as secretary of the Hi-Y Club, and as secretary of the Student Council. He has served on *The Bell Ringer* staff for three years; is a member of the Key Club and of the Forensics Club. Furthermore, Simpson is an outstanding athlete, having been the varsity football team for three years and on the varsity basketball team for two years. Paul is also active in scouting. He is an Eagle Scout and also holds the God and Country Award. Paul Simpson is a well-rounded student of whom the academy can surely be proud.

All are eagerly awaiting valedictorian and salutatorian addresses, which will be delivered this morning.

David Walker

THREE JUNIORS BECOME

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as a freshman, as president of his Sophomore Class, and as vice-president of this year's Junior Class. He received as a sophomore the Boyd Award for the Outstanding Sophomore.

In athletics, Allan played junior varsity football for two years and varsity football this year; also as a sophomore he ran track.

Outside of the school's activities, Allan is a member of the Alpha Chi Fraternity. Totomoi is pleased to award Allan this honor.

David Walker has compiled an excellent record during his three years at MBA and has proved himself a leader in athletics, scholarship, organizations, and student government.

Scholastically he has earned seven medals, namely the following: Algebra I medal, Algebra II medal, English I medal, English II medal, Latin I medal, Latin II medal, General Science medal. In his sophomore and junior years, he earned membership in the Senior Honor Society and in the Math Club, of which he was vice-president as a junior. Also, he represented the MBA Math Department as a freshman and sophomore and won fourth place the latter year.

In athletics, David has played football for three years, including two years on the junior varsity and one on the varsity, and will captain next year's varsity. During this last year, he was chosen by the All-City Team for his fine, consistent effort as center and line-backer. He played freshman basketball, junior varsity basketball in his sophomore year, and

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The Spurned Torch?

As many of us prepare to face the challenge and turmoil of college, we are confronted with an overwhelming, new-found freedom. But shall we be actually free or merely slaves of circumstance? Jesus Christ has offered us a clue to the answer for each of us: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Indeed, we say that truth is the basis for an informed democracy. And an uninformed democracy is merely a civilized mob. We are all well aware of the tottering position to which Cuba has degenerated as a result of suppression of reality and government control of the press. We tend to point with pride to the heritage Peter Zenger bequeathed us when he took his stand against state modification of the truth. Our present way of life, however, is not entirely blameless in its attitude toward the printed truth.

This wavering of the American public is due in part to our ideas on education. Ideally, we should learn not to gain fruitless power but to learn about life as it really is and to appreciate it as such. Under such circumstances, we seek truth in our studies, in our conversations, and in our publications.

Censorship is like a tangled chain which binds us to a log of prejudice tossing in the whitecaps of circumstance—we are relentlessly dragged to the bottom as the wood becomes saturated and sinks. We sometimes hear rationalization to the garbled effect that fact is deleted only because it is inappropriate. The light of truth is bright, but it can hurt the eyes only of those who live artificial, paper *maché* lives. If the truth seem stark, it is because we are ill-equipped to face life. We may never reach a complete realization of the indescribable splendor of the ideal, but even a glimpse of it will reveal our need for it.

The Diplomat: His Vital Role

With the advent of nuclear weapons as the principle destructive force in any future war, the life of our nation and the very existence of the world itself has come to depend not only upon our military strength but also upon the capabilities of a comparative handful of devoted men and women of the Foreign Service. In the minds of the diplomats of the Foreign Service, the homeland holds the pre-eminent position. The labors of this highly educated "first line of defense" are directed to protect and insure the interests and rights of their nation. A diplomat also aids the citizens of his country who are traveling abroad.

The tasks of the diplomat are difficult and, more often than not, unheralded. Even though, because of the improved means of communication, the diplomat does not possess so much authority as in previous years, his duties are much more complicated, and his services are rendered in more delicate situations. More pressure is constantly being laid upon him. His decisions are more critical now than ever in the past.

The age of the "two-faced" diplomat is passed. If the life and liberty of people everywhere is not to be destroyed, our representatives abroad, from the ambassador to the *chargé d'affaires*, must strive to prevent the powerful ententes of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They must strive to prevent hostile actions between nations. They must strive to establish and further peaceful relations among all countries. The time is too critical. Misjudgment and rashness may be too dearly paid for in human lives. As science advances, so must nations advance to universal co-operation through diplomacy. War must be indefinitely postponed.

A Look At Success

Webster's New World Dictionary defines success as "a favorable outcome or result, or the gaining of wealth, fame, or rank." But in examining success more thoroughly, we find it is more involved than this definition implies. Success is not the short-lived feeling of victory after winning a football game or after mastering a test; success is sometimes confused with this brief thrill of triumph, but such is not success in the long run. Moreover, success is not gained by an appreciation of another's achievements: a person who enjoys the music of another has not succeeded for himself.

The gaining of wealth is not always accompanied by success, although it may be. Wealth is not a measure of success, but neither is it a hindrance. The success of a wealthy person is independent of his wealth. The same is true of fame and of rank; a person may be a success with or without these superficialities.

Success does not depend upon intelligence; a person of mediocre intelligence can fulfill his potentialities as easily as a person of superior mentality. But success is not merely the fulfillment of one's possibilities; success is a state of mind—a realization of having done something well. Furthermore, whether or not a certain accomplishment is success to a person depends upon the person: to a modernistic painter, for instance, a Mona Lisa could be a failure. For this reason, the environment of a person has a profound effect on his image of success. Success is, therefore, an individual state of mind.

In its largest sense, success can be felt only by a person who has completed the living of most of his life. Although the thoughts of a person on his deathbed constitute a somewhat trite example, such a state would be the best method of measuring success. To succeed in life, it is not necessary to satisfy anyone else: the worst critic a person has is himself. If one can honestly satisfy himself that he has been a success, then he is one; if one is not honest with himself, he is not only a failure, but also a fool.

The dictionary definition for success is incomplete. Success is an individual thing—the idea of the individual must enter into a complete definition for this most important word.

Faculty Members Attend Conference

The Mid-South Independent School Association held a series of meetings in Chattanooga the past month. Mrs. Lowry, Mr. Meriwether, and Mr. Carter represented Montgomery Bell Academy at these conferences on English, science, and college admission, respectively. These meetings offer a fine opportunity for the teachers to share mutual problems and experiences in their various fields.

The English conference at McCallie included such aspects of English as, "How to teach the novel" and "How to develop a better vocabulary."

The science meeting at the Reed House elected Mr. Meriwether second vice-president of their group. They recommended an annual science conference, closer working arrangements between schools of the association, and more liaison between the administration of the school and the science department.

The administrator's group had Dr. Thomson, Dean of Tennessee, speak on American College Testing, a new type of testing program adopted by the many colleges. Dr. Cameron, the Southeastern representative of the College Entrance Examination Board, explained some new innovations in their testing program. One of these is that beginning next year a composition will be a required part of the achievement examinations in English.

Mr. Carter, as retiring president of the Mid-South History Association, presented his report. This organization had met at Sewanee in the fall.

Rick Carter

THREE JUNIORS BECOME

(Continued from page 2, col. 5)
varsity baseball for two years. His junior year he ran on the much improved two-mile relay team in track and wrestled under Coach Steve Stevenson on MBA's first competitive wrestling team.

In organizations, David has been a member of the Hi-Y Club, Key Club, and Monogram Club as a junior and sang with the Glee Club as a sophomore. This year he has served on both THE BELL RINGERS and The Bell Staffs and has held membership in the Student Council as treasurer of the Junior Class. For next year, he has been elected vice-president of the Key Club and vice-president of the Hi-Y Club.

David belongs to Calvary Methodist Church; in his church's MYF, he is Faith Program Chairman this year and will be vice-president next year. He is a Scout, David is an Eagle Scout and a member of the Order of the Arrow. He is a member of the Alpha Chi Fraternity and has been elected sergeant-at-arms for next year. David is a very deserving recipient of this high honor and Totomoi welcomes a member of such outstanding achievements.

Tommy Worrall was honored by Totomoi for his endeavors in athletics, scholarship, student government, and organizations and for his achievements in these fields. In student government, Tommy has shown his leadership as vice-president of both his freshman and sophomore classes. As a freshman, he received the Donald Ross Award for the Outstanding Freshman.

In the school's organizations, Tommy has been a member of the Monogram Club for three years, of the Math Club for two years, serving as president in his junior year, of the Hi-Y Club, and of the Key Club. He has been elected for an office in both the Hi-Y Club and the Key Club for his senior year. In merit of his scholastic record, he has served on the Senior Honor Society as a sophomore and a junior. He has been a member of THE BELL RINGERS staff for two years, this year serving as Assistant Sports Editor.

In athletics, Tommy has earned three varsity football letters and will help lead the team next year through a rough season. He has played freshman basketball and varsity basketball for one year each and ran track for his first two years here.

Tommy is a member of the Belmont Methodist Church and is an active Boy Scout, having earned the Life Award. Among his other interests, he is a member of the Alpha Chi Fraternity.

Summing up the recognition of these three outstanding junior leaders, Totomoi, THE BELL RINGERS, and the school would like to congratulate each one and to urge each to continue his endeavors.

Sam Glasgow

MBA ORGANIZATIONS

(Continued from page 1, col. 4)
standing organization next year will be Doug Ligon as president, David Walker as vice-president, Dick King as secretary-treasurer, Tommy Worrall as senior representative, and Joe Binkley as junior representative. During the year the club gave food and toys to a needy family, sold papers on Palm Sunday for the Shrine Junior League, and provided the frame for the Senior Class composite.

The Hi-Y Club is another of MBA's fine organizations. This year MBA's Hi-Y basketball team had an outstanding season. Also, the bill sent by our Hi-Y to the State Capitol, when the Hi-Y's of Tennessee took over the legislature, the first passed. Heading the Hi-Y next year will be Allan Terry, president. Assisting Allan will be David Walker, vice-president; Tommy Worrall, secretary-treasurer; and Rhodes Zimmerman, chaplain.

The Forensic Club is given the task of arranging the programs in assembly. Next year, the officers will be Allan Terry, president; Morgan Kousser, vice-president; Dee Metcalf, secretary; and Allen McDaniel, program chairman.

Bill Ozler

The Physics Prodigy

Recently Pete Carman won second place in the Physics Division of the Eighth Middle Tennessee Science Fair, sponsored jointly by the Nashville Banner and by Vanderbilt University. Pete's entry was an expensive, time-consuming, ionized-air loud speaker. Pete states that an electromagnetic force acts on ionized air instead of on an ordinary paper cone and that the source of the ionized air is a quartz chamber. He considers this principle quite simple.

To give an idea of this curious scientist's interests, we report that Pete is now working on a magnetohydrodynamic generator that is activated by passing ionized gas, instead of coils of wire, through an electronic field to produce electricity. He repairs radios, phonographs, and sometimes television sets. The photograph in his automobile is self-installed and completely battery-operated. As a freshman at Celina, Pete built a short-wave radio set which he frequently uses for receiving such distant capitals as Moscow. This summer Pete plans to employ his prize-winning speaker in a hi-fi set now under construction. His house intercom system was also rigged up by this experimenter.

Pete's interest in electronics was first aroused by his science teacher at Celina, who was a radio ham. Since then Pete's spare time has been devoted to applying different ideas and techniques in his workshop. His ambition is to discover how to produce an impenetrable force field for possible use in outer space. Knowing Pete we are aware that the force field may be perfected anytime now. Pete will be the spokesman at the Turntable this summer. Good luck to Pete and continued success in his ambitious efforts!

Bandy Wenning

THE FINISHING TOUCHES

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)
tings was a delicious roast beef dinner "of amazing potency" which quickly imbued by all of the voracious class.

Upon the conclusion of a delicious ice cream dessert, the couples made an exit to an adjoining room where a combo, The Monarchs, was playing in an ebullient manner. The Monarchs, who are said to be the best combo in town, are another example of the generosity of the Ladies Auxiliary. Comments at the conclusion of the party indicated that without exception, everyone had a wonderful time.

The dance was highlighted at intermission by group-singing led by the Four Coachmen. This interval afforded to everyone a pleasant time singing familiar songs and relaxing leisurely in the cool evening, actions which greatly relieved the tensions of the hectic exam week.

At we, the Senior Class, go our separate ways in life, we shall always remember the enjoyable times that we have had together as a close class. We are therefore very indebted to the Ladies Auxiliary for this climactic event which will remind us in the future of our enjoyable high school life.

Jud Harwood

Ladies' Auxiliary

The Ladies' Auxiliary has had a very busy year. This year's officers were Mrs. J. C. Dale, president; Mrs. John Clay, vice-president; Mrs. John Glover, secretary; Mrs. MacPheeters, treasurer; and Mrs. Anderson, corresponding secretary. Mrs. J. R. Cheshire, recording secretary; and Mrs. Anderson, treasurer. The purpose of this organization is to work with the faculty and headmaster to furnish those things not provided by the Board of Trustees. The auxiliary also serves as a promotional group.

Many of the improvements at MBA were made possible by the auxiliary. The Ladies' Auxiliary also sponsored one of MBA's big social events—the Saphetti Supper. Mrs. D. L. Metcalf was chairman of this affair.

The Ladies' Auxiliary has had a full year.

Clark Hutton

Fathers' Club

On Tuesday, May 3, the annual Father and Son Banquet was held; Dr. Madison Saratt spoke. This event was sponsored by the Fathers' Club of MBA. The organization is composed of the fathers of MBA students. The president this year was Mr. MacPheeters Glasgow; vice-president, Mr. J. T. Howell; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Orville Vaughn. Succeeding this year's officers will be Mr. J. T. Howell, president; Mr. John R. Ozler, vice-president; and Mr. Williams Walker, secretary-treasurer. This year's class representatives were Mr. Frank Cherry, seniors; Mr. Vernon Worrall, Jr., juniors; Mr. James Mazach, sophomores; Mr. Clark Hutton, Jr., freshmen; Mr. Robert Clifton, eighth graders; Dr. Daniel Pickens, seventh graders.

This year the Fathers' Club aided a new sport to MBA—wrestling! The Fathers' Club gave seven hundred and fifty dollars toward equipment. Mr. C. H. Hutton, Jr. was appointed chairman of the wrestling committee. Furthermore, two thousand-five hundred dollars were given for the ten thousand dollar bleachers, making the total given, seven thousand five hundred dollars. The two thousand-five hundred-dollar deficit is expected to be paid next year. The members of the Fathers' Club also serve as gate attendants at the home football games.

It is easily seen, therefore, that the Fathers' Club is very beneficial to MBA.

Clark Hutton

Music on the Hill

On Tuesday afternoon, May 10, the MBA Glee Club was privileged to present a program before the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Vine Street Christian Church. Under the capable direction of Mrs. Louis Nicholas, music teacher and mother of David Nicholas, a student here at MBA, the Glee Club presented numbers which included a medley of Broadway hits. The first selection was "The MBA Alma Mater," followed by "Sweet and Low." The Broadway selections were "It's a Grand Night for Singing," "You'll Never Walk Alone," and "Hallelujah." Also, on Tuesday morning, the Glee Club led the student body in learning the school alma mater. The Club has sung on several occasions before the MBA assembly and once at the Junior-Senior Speech Contest.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Lunsford M. Hollins, Jr., the French II teacher, the French class performed on Monday, May 16, before the MBA Ladies' Auxiliary. The program, a French minstrel show, was a command repeat performance of the assembly program given before Spring Vacation. Highlights of the show included a soft-shoe dance, Renault Dauphine advertisements, and several jokes—told, of course, en français. The class sang several selections, including: "Si Je Te Donne Mon Cœur" ("If I Give My Heart to You"), "Près de la Loire" (an imitation of "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River"), "Viola Un Chériot" (a modification of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"), and "Ida." The French II class has presented two unique assembly programs this year. Mrs. Hollins achieved tremendous success in both production and direction of the shows.

John Witherspoon
Don Shriver

SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)
ment was noted.

In order to comply with state fire regulations, a new fire wall was built upstairs on the Ball Building. Also, a new fire escape was added to Mrs. Sims' room. In the science building, new radiators were installed. Also, a new back stairway was added to this building in the fall. In the last two weeks, a new electrical system was put in the school. Over the school year many improvements have been made in the physical plant, and many more are planned this summer. We give many thanks to Mr. Carter and the board of trustees for the improvements.

Allen McDaniel

Festive Event Held

On May 3, the Fathers' Club had its annual Father-Son Banquet. Mr. MacPheeters Glasgow presided and introduced Tommy Webb who gave the blessing. Then Mr. Glasgow announced the Four Coachmen, a group consisting of Allen Wallace, Chip Hutchison, Jud Harwood, and John Wagner, who sang a Latin American song followed by a Negro spiritual.

After the fine musical program, Mr. Orville Vaughn, the secretary-treasurer of the Fathers' Club presented a financial report of the past year. Then Mr. Frank Cherry announced the following slate of new officers for the Fathers' Club: Mr. Joe Howell, Jr., president; Mr. John Ozler, vice-president; and Mr. William Walker, secretary-treasurer.

Immediately following the announcement of the new officers, Mr. Glasgow introduced Vice-Chancellor Emeritus Madison Sarraff of Vanderbilt University. Dr. Sarraff told the audience for what he feels people should strive in education and in life. After this most inspiring address, Mr. Glasgow adjourned the meeting.

Frank Cherry

NORTON CAMPBELL

(Continued from page 1, col. 2) pastor of a small church on Staten Island in New York. Beginning in June of this summer, Mr. Campbell will do graduate work at Drew University in Madison, New Jersey.

Many MBA students, MBA faculty members, and friends of the Campbell family were present to hear the address. All were deeply impressed with not only the content, but also the delivery of Mr. Campbell's message.

Jimmy Pickel

Senior Class News

Let us bow to Mecca, Paris, Havana, Denmark, Beowulf, A. E. Newman, Hamlet, Good Jellies Jones, Macbeth, and Bo Diddley—We are Finitis.

With a bit of moisture in our eyes, a swelling in our breasts, a lump in our throats, we reminisce over fond memories of M.B.A.—our dear friends we will soon leave behind, our beloved teachers, the ivy-covered walls, ah . . . at last rid of this "petty pae!"

Nine months can work great changes on people—such is the case at M.B.A. We wish to point out a few of the detrimental effects inflicted upon our fellow seniors this year:

Elick Daniel began this year as a puny, emaciated "spider"—often ridiculed; ended the year (after futile pumping at the local health institute) as an experienced, puny, emaciated "spider," highly skilled in the art of catching elusive flies.

Lewis Dale began the year as a sweet, innocent young swain who was ignorant of all humanity; now he knows all about girls.

Allen Glenn began as a quiet, shy, reserved, unknown child; now rural, boisterous, and vulgar, he is a recognized cool miner and a wonderful worker of women.

Craig Nelson started the year as a hard-working, studious, stereotyped student; now, after pressure from Mrs. Blitzkreig, he is a blubbering, self-made idiot.

Pete Moss began the year as an eager, well-behaved, observant Boy Scout; he is now an observant girl scout when her back is turned.

Doug Loece began as a hygienic, well-behaved, perfect gentleman who loathed filth; his body is now requested by The International Council of World Peace to be cremated in an effort to abolish germ warfare.

Wilson Prueher, who began the year as a complete dunce, intellectually, has progressed to the point where he can effectively communicate with the monosyllabic-speaking inhabitants of the bald ridges.

Bobby Frit began as a society-shunning, music-hating idiot; he now regarded as top rival to Jimmy Reed.

Jud Harwood, Chip Hutchison, Allen Wallace began the year as three typical, unknown, chubby youths; they ended as ridiculed members of a ludicrous group

(Continued on page 5, col. 5)

THE NEW ORDER

Finally, the year ends. "The New Order" here appears for the last time of the season. The themes presented for this edition are narratives; we consider them worthy of the reader's attention. We again stress that the cynicism expressed in many of these works is not the general trend within the academy. Rather, any bitterness expressed within this feature is directly associated with the topics discussed. The New Order seems inclined to weed out all odious elements before it begins to build.

We are again much in the debt of the English Department of MBA.

Valedictorian Address

Mr. Carter, Members of the Faculty, Parents, and Friends of Montgomery Bell Academy:

We have looked forward eagerly to this day of graduation as marking one of several great milestones in our lives. However, as we look back upon our work and think of our many friendly associations here, thoughts of regret rise and steal away something of the pleasure of the day. Now, we can experience only in memory the frantic cramming for examinations; the enjoyable meetings of our various clubs; the enthusiasm found in the pep rallies; the long, hot days of football practice; and the keen anticipation of spring vacation.

Rollin Lasseter, a former student of the Academy, expressed poetically the permanence and value of these nostalgic memories in the following poem:

"What were these years that they have flown so fast?
They will return to burn like sparkling wines
That fill the heart with yearnings for the past
As in some romantic's haunting lines
We have been one in spirit in all things;
And this, perhaps, is what most counts in life—
To know the pleasure that agreement brings,
And what a group can do if it lacks strife."

Furthermore, we cannot take leave of these familiar walls without acknowledging another thought—a feeling of gratitude that we owe to our school, to our teachers, for their fostering care. We have not been exposed to life directly enough to appreciate completely the value of the intellectual and moral instruction we have received during the past four years, but we now realize that we are the wiser and the better after this training. Therefore, we do indeed feel indebted to Montgomery Bell Academy for the excellent preparation which will enable us to win success in college and in our future careers; more specifically to our teachers, who have made tangible the qualities of wisdom, integrity, consideration, and responsibility; and certainly to the Board of Trustees for its constant interest in the welfare of the school. Finally, we are sincerely appreciative to our parents. They, too, by sacrifices, by loving guidance, by encouragement, have helped make this day possible.

And now, fellow students, we, the members of the Class of 1960, will soon separate, never again to be united in the classroom. My wish is that prosperity and the happiness of a useful life attend each of you as well as those who have contributed so much to this important period of our development. In parting, then, may we say farewell to Montgomery Bell Academy, knowing in our hearts that we will return again and again to pay tribute to the inspiring ideals for which it stands.

—Dick Barry

Salutatorian Address

Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you to the 1960 commencement exercises of Montgomery Bell Academy; and we appreciate the thoughtfulness and interest which have brought you here.

This spring, in the graduation exercises of each of the 20,000 high schools across the United States, a salutatorian will look into the future in behalf of his class. And the picture of that future is a challenging one—each second the world's population increases by two; in a few hundred years, each square yard of the earth's surface will hold a human being; and the earth's population will weigh more than does the earth; but the world's food supply is increasing only one-ninth as fast as is the population; within one hundred years, the earth's supply of minerals will be virtually gone; the earth's atmosphere is filling with undesirable gases; there is conflict in Korea, in South Africa, in Germany, in Cuba; in our country there are difficult problems to face; and always on the horizon is the dreaded threat of a nuclear war which would plunge us into oblivion.

For some, this grim picture may cause doubt as to the very survival of mankind. But the MBA seniors of 1960 are not afraid of the prospects of the future; we will meet her squarely, no matter what she will present to us. There will be no turning and no retreat; for MBA has given us the ability to find solid answers to the many questions we will face. MBA has given us a foundation. And we have faith in our own courage and ability to solve the problems which hang over our generation. Just as we have met the challenge of MBA, we will meet the challenge of the future—and we will succeed.

Paul Simpson

Unheeded

"There!" pointing with his wretched finger. "There they are, swarming—the buzzards, the killers. No! Way over there! Way over the sand! Don't you see 'em? Hey wait. . . ." Finally in hatred so intense that his voice pitched and wobbled, "They'll get you like the others," and under his breath, "You fools!"

Silent and slender the young man left, mocked and beset by the frantic old man, moved by the old man's feebleness and apparent insanity. "What in the world was the old man babbling anyway?" he thought. The young man felt annoyed at his own discourtesy. "But who could have faced and listened to this man without swooning from suffocation or instinctively slapping his wild babbling mouth? Who would have lingered to listen to the old man's insanity?"

With each step that the younger man took in withdrawing, the old man followed closer and closer until the younger man turned and fled from the age-madman's reach, catching only a few words of his threats and wild gesticulations. The young man then tried to breathe deeply in the crystalline heat; his eyes were still smarting from the old man's breath and from the stench of his rags and wizened limbs—the terrible, unbearable stench, which the old man had taken no pains to remove. Scarcely, the old man liked to touch those that happened along the desert route and to offend them with the inhuman odor of which he reeked. He apparently found a pleasure in watching people squirm from his long-drawn directions.

At any rate, the young man was irked at himself and at the old man, and he spat viciously to rid himself of the smell and the thought of this incident forever. Yet, he could not forget the mysterious native, as he climbed into his dusty Buick next to his wife and checked his kids, who were enthralled in the traveling games that their father

had picked up. Indeed, the old man was still pointing as the Buick jiggled away, shrieking in the noon-day dust his final warning to the unheeded. Roused from their games, the children on the back seat rose in time to wave back to the old man; and they watched the strange figure until there was too much dust and distance between them. Other than the buzzards, very few understood that the old man's place was the last along this route that led into the desert—smooth, unshaded, blazing—a desert of sand and bones.

Sam Glasgow

In the Interest of Science

It was a brisk April day at Brookridge College; nearly everyone was affected by the vigor of the weather. Only a few scattered persons—one or two in the nearby bus, several in the laboratories, and one hurrying across the outskirts of the miniature town—failed to take notice.

The hastening pedestrian was Mark Tyler, professor of organic chemistry. Just before receiving a master's degree at Harvard less than two years before, he had been given a tempting research offer. But Mark had rejected another idea. It was not to teach; in fact, he had really accepted a teaching position at this little-known school only in order to gain time for his obsession, research on the synthesis of complex molecules.

As he scurried onto the rundown campus, a wooden framework on the side of a building caught his eye. Carpenters were laboring steadily on repairs for the ancient dormitories. A flash of almost cynical pity shot through him: "These men . . . Do they have any real goal in life other than to pound nails into planks that will be rotten in a few years? It must be a hellish existence not to accomplish anything of lasting value in one's time." And he tramped on.

About midway on his journey, he caught sight of the theology building. His thoughts turned hard and scornful. "Damned escapists! It's not enough for them to evade life themselves; they indoctrinate others to join their sanctimonious hypocrisy. To force their troubles on free-thinkers, they try to shut down places of entertainment. And they use their rituals as opiates to get along without the night spots!"

Mark stepped up his pace. His thoughts began to run wild. The man was here. To be sure, he would have to be seen during the first period; but Mark's students could forget about class for all their professor cared. The discovery had finally been made and recognized. Mark had synthesized anthrocol, a little-used and expensive organic substance, for the first time. The world would honor him with Volta and Dalton for his achievement. His neglect of his classes had paid off. That had justified the means. He bounded up the steps and rounded a corner to face the messenger of this long-awaited piece of news.

A young man, tall and dapper, addressed him. "Mr. Tyler? Where may we discuss the proposition which my firm is offering you?" Mark nervously led the way to a small office. "In here, sir."

The stranger began, "It is unfortunate that you didn't make your discovery earlier. As you may know, anthrocol has been replaced by cheaper substitutes for most of its original uses. Even though synthetic anthrocol is less expensive, the cost of changing the assembly machinery is prohibitive. But there is one use of the substance for which a substitute has never been found. You won't get much publicity, but the demand is high."

Mark was as tense and as rigid as a ring stand in his laboratory. Trying to control his excitement, he queried, "I can see that in the interests of science and humanity, my role might be played down. Exactly what is the wonder you use?"

The representative laughed. "I'm afraid you've got us wrong, Mr. Tyler. It's not quite for the good of science or humanity. It was just by accident that we found that anthrocol could serve as a low-grade heroin for the Atlantic coast pushers."

Bobby Wood

A Cold Hand and a Warm Heart

The moment the car stopped, Chip leaped out and shouted across the patio, "Hey, Jud, guess what happened last night?"

"Oh, no; Will had a wreck last night, and he's in pretty bad shape!"

I stopped, shocked! Will was a colored man who had been working for Mrs. Hutchinson since she was a small child. This seventy-year-old man who was more versed in the ways of teen-agers than they themselves was a friend and companion of every young visitor to the Hutchinson household. Indeed, I, along with many others, had spent many enjoyable hours in listening to Will relive his childhood days and construct fantastic tales. Naturally, every one was very upset upon hearing of his misfortune.

As the weeks passed, we learned that our friend was not recovering at the proper speed; and we began to wonder why. Upon investigation, we learned that he was the only colored man in a ward of twenty white men. This was a bad situation! Will was a proud man, and men's tongues are often careless. Such was the case here. Although he was not openly derided, he certainly did not have the prestige or the friends that were vital to his inner mechanism. He consequently felt much as a captive Greek must have felt in a barbarian tribe.

In addition, we discovered that he was also hurt by his supposed friends' apparent unconcern for his well-being. Being impetuous and often inconsiderate youth, we had never expressed our gratitude for such a friend; and Will felt as if his efforts had been unappreciated. Furthermore, through procrastination, we had failed to visit him, and this oversight to do one simple act had added greatly to his dejected state.

With nothing to do, he lay in his bed, day after day, and began to consider his position in the world and to form erroneous ideas about the necessity of his existing. The more he thought about these things, the more unnecessary and unwanted he felt. He developed a self-pitying complex which, like the unwelcome day in Shelly's "To Night" that became longer and more uncomfortable as it lingered, grew to such proportions that he became a miserable wreck. Because of his state, he did not seem to have the strength necessary to recover, a fact which greatly concerned everyone who knew him.

Upon hearing of his slow progress, we realized the part we had in retarding his recovery and decided to visit him the following Sunday. When that day arrived, our quartet, accompanied by many friends, with the promise that we would not stay long, bulled our way past the nurses who stared dubiously at our gular.

When we burst into the room, we quickly located Will and greeted him profusely in an ebullient manner. Then we watched while he broke into the first smile that he had had in his long stay in the ward.

We then left Will while we went in search of an audience; and upon returning, we encountered Will going from bed to bed, telling each patient very quietly that we were his "chilluns" whom he had practically raised. Although we pretended not to notice, in our scurrying around, we saw a man who had become as happy and as proud as was possible for a man to be.

Will lay quietly while we sang a few songs and talked a little; however, when we stood to go, he shook each hand firmly in turn. When he got to Chip, he said in his usual unsentimental manner, but with a tone of seriousness: "Here's a man with a cold hand and a warm heart."

Two weeks later, I telephoned Chip; and a familiar brusque voice replied: "Sure, Judge, he's around here somers; let me go and rattle him up!"

Jud Harwood

The Ingrate

Several weeks ago I met a man who was on a passenger ship when it sank in the North Atlantic. The boilers had exploded; and when the ship began its downward plunge, my friend found himself thrashing about in the icy waters. Down he went into the murky depths; but soon he came up again, gasping for the precious air. He knew that it would be only a matter of time until he could tread water no longer and would sink into oblivion.

He, however, soon noticed a wooden spar drifting about forty feet away. He struck out for it; and after what seemed hours, he reached its sanctuary. Words of praise to God flowed from his lips with each breath. The chilling wind, nevertheless, in time began to numb his frame; and he was again about to give up hope. Suddenly a lifeboat full of survivors began to pull his way. Within a few minutes he was safely aboard. His soul was, a second time, filled with joy and gratitude.

The boat drifted for several hours; finally in the rays of the setting sun, its occupants sighted the gray lines of an approaching freighter. How my friend was relieved to see the ship! When he was safely on the deck, he broke into prayers of thanksgiving. He was so weary and chill-ridden that he asked only for a place to lie down. He was given a small pallet far back in the crowded stateroom with the women and crying children. But after an hour or two of hearing the wailing babies, he begged a petty officer for a bunk in a cabin. His plea was granted, and when he was snug in the bed, he thought, "This is Heaven indeed; I could never ask for more!"

He slept soundly during the night; but upon waking the next morning, he felt less humble, less full of his earlier sense of appreciation. In fact, he felt somewhat fretful. He soon then asked the passing steward if there was a cabin available on an upper deck. The steward replied that every berth was occupied except possibly one berth in the captain's cabin. And so my friend wrote a letter to the captain, a part of which I shall reproduce.

"Dear Sir:

This cabin is poorly ventilated, small, uncomfortable, and noisy, since I am next to the engine room. I understand that you have a vacant bunk in your cabin. Please send word that you will allow me to occupy this cabin with you.

Your sincere friend,

No answer came from the captain.

Mike Pemberton

Fear

July 7:

I was sitting in the front seat to get the full effect; but I was "chicken"; I couldn't look ahead. What's wrong with me? I want to conquer fear, but I'm not trying. I'm being carried along by it. My eyes were stuck on the track. Nothing was in my sight but the rails. I stared at them hard until it felt like we were still and the rails were being sucked underneath us. There was no feeling of up or down on the dips and climbs; I just felt we were tilting and tipping while the rails were shooting by underneath. They were squirming and wiggling from left to right, up and down, like the way a telephone wire looks when you stare at it out of a fast-moving auto. We were tilting down now; and all of a sudden, the rails whipped up in front of my face like a bull whip, and we were tilting up now, and I knew I had passed the part I hate most. Then I was speaking to Jenny; but she wasn't beside me because she was with me Friday; and today was Saturday; and, besides, she wouldn't do this again for anything.

July 8:

We were sitting on a bench by the Fun House. Clinging to my hand and trembling, Jenny was saying that that ride was the worst thing that had ever happened to her and that she would never do it again (she was always fearing death).

"Do you remember the accident they had on that thing four years ago? Remember the people all torn up and everything?"

Yeah! There was no forgetting. The papers made such a stew about it. Maybe she has a right to be afraid. But, then, people are getting hurt in cars all the time, and it's more dangerous for Jenny and me to drive out here than to ride on that thing. I was afraid; but I knew there was no justification for my fear, so I had to ride it again and again so as not to be afraid anymore of something I knew couldn't hurt me.

July 9:

"Don't you think six times is enough, Buddy? C'mon; get out of that seat." But the dicket man can yell and gripe all he wants because I've got money and I'm staying on and going again. Kids were all in back of me, yelling and screaming, not knowing any fear of this thing which was making me envy them because I didn't want to fear it either. Nobody was coming to sit by me; so I was still alone on the very front seat. We started off with a jump; I was ready this time; I was never going to be scared again.

We were going up real high, and I could see the Fun House, and the airplanes, and the Ferris wheel. All the kids were shouting, and some were getting out of their seats to touch the "Stay Seated" sign above the track as we went by. We were going level now, but the biggest dip was just ahead. Now I was looking down the big dip; and my stomach was all gone; and I couldn't, I couldn't bear it; so I lowered my head until again we were just tilting and tipping and the rails were running by underneath. Then I knew I was the world's biggest "chicken," the world's biggest. So I just watched the rails wiggle left and right, up and down. Then, suddenly, part of the right rail was wiggling one way and part the other way; and I knew there wasn't going to be a whole rail running under the car; and, for a few seconds, I was looking at the face of God.

July 10:

A man was standing by me looking into my face and shining a bright light into my eyes. All the light and all the people around me were stark white; and the light smelled of alcohol and told me where I was. Jenny, too, was standing by me, looking all tired and worried. She was holding my hand and crying tears that fell on my face and made it itch. I tried to brush them off, but my arms wouldn't move; then I was asking her to do it, but she couldn't hear me because nothing came out. Now she was talking to me, but I couldn't hear her; she was holding me, but I couldn't feel her. But I was seeing her eyes and seeing her soul and knew that she knew the reason I had feared; and she was telling me with her eyes that fear was my soul's warning to my mind, a warning I never would heed.

N.B. All drawn-out sentences, vague references, and colloquial tones are recognized and intended. I have written in this manner, for I am attempting to create a style of stream-of-consciousness.

—Craig Nielson

"The Best-Laid Plans . . ."

The theft was elaborately conceived. For a week, Jerry, Clifford, Curt, and I had done nothing but scheme the ravage of the pea train, for, you see, each Friday evening four or five tractors, each pulling several wagons laden with fresh green peas for the cannery, would tow the week's yield into town. On Monday the idea was hatched by Curt. He solicited the aid of Clifford and Jerry, knowing that they would be receptive to such a crime. Late Monday afternoon, the accomplices contacted me; one reason was that they needed a fourth person; a second was that I had the fastest bicycle in town.

On Tuesday we rode out the highway to search for the most advantageous spot for the hold-up. Preferably the ideal location would have an easily accessible getaway route; but, alas, we could find no such place. As a result of this impasse, we spent Tuesday afternoon and all day Wednesday in digging a cache for the stolen loot. After a tiring day's labor, we ate dinner and began to plan the actual details of the theft. Our clandestine meeting place was Curt's candle-lit cellar. Deliberating long, we decided that the best plan was for one of us to lie in the road and thus to stop the train. The rest of us would hasten to heave as many armloads of peas as possible from the last wagon. This plan being agreeable to all of us, we drew straws to determine the seeming accident victim. I drew the short straw. At that time, I realized this plan would be unacceptable and that I would have to form a superior one. Suddenly we heard a strange voice—our hearts tingled—but it was merely Curt's mother informing us that it was eight-thirty, our bedtimes.

By Thursday morning I had formulated the plan that Jerry and I would double Curt and Clifford alongside the last wagon, and they would throw off all the peas that they could before the wagons reached a certain point. Then the boys had to leap from the wagon, and we could retrieve all the peas and conceal them until a later date. I thought that by this means perhaps it would not be necessary to disturb the drivers. This new plan was accepted by all, and we had several surreptitious rehearsals in Jerry's back yard.

Friday! My nerves were on edge; I even spilled some Cheerios at breakfast. Would my bicycle break down? Would someone "chicken out"? Worst of all, would we get caught? For lack of anything better to do, we whiled away the time by getting our bicycles into perfect condition. Then after our peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich noon repeat, we went for a swim in order to relax. About four o'clock, we strolled home with the understanding that we would meet at the appointed location at five p.m.

At the said time, we congregated near the cache, well hidden in the woods beside the road. About 5:10 p.m., we detected the boom-chug, boom-chug, boom-chug of a big John Deere laboring down the road in high gear. We grew tense. Would that last wagon never come! Finally, it rolled past our eyes, and we mounted our trusty steel-and-rubber steeds. Pedalling furiously, Jerry and I overtook the wagons and deposited Curt and Clifford. I eased up a bit and coolly cast a glance over my shoulder. It was a policeman—I did not yet know the term "cop." I belatedly at Jerry; and he, quicker-witted than I, left his bike and headed for the woods. Then disaster! My bicycle chain parted ways with my bicycle, and I went sprawling in the road. I cursed a soft, "Confound it!" The policeman snatched me wordlessly into the car while I obeyed his every gesture with "fear and trembling." During the ominous drive into town, I thought dejectedly, "They can't send a nine-year-old to prison, can they?"

The taciturn officer took me to my grandfather's home, where I was most solemnly received by the whole household. The awesome misdeed was related by the officer while I gazed abjectly at some strangely conspicuous insect. I was then left alone to face the wrath of my mother; however, I was quaking so badly that instead of spanking me, she chastised me severely and usurped whatever few privileges I might have had. Alas, I was as awfully dismayed at the time, I am certain that this complete vexation of my criminal premier has led me away from a flagrant life of crime.

Wilson Prueher

A Clean Conscience

The long-awaited bell ending another day of school finally rang; and, for the following few minutes, the corridors of Westmont High were jammed with students making their way to the main exit. Once outside the building, the crowd separated as small groups went to their different destinations. Most of the kids were heading for the corner drugstore, but not Bill Daves. Bill, the captain of Westmont's state-championship football team and a sure bet to be elected "Most Popular" at the end of his senior year, was going to visit the girl who had recently moved in down the street from him.

Bill climbed into his new blue convertible, an early graduation present from his parents, as nonchalantly as possible; he started the motor and drove out of the parking lot. Turning up Maplewood Drive, Bill pressed the accelerator slowly to the floor and was noticeably pleased when he felt the surge of power under him as he zoomed past the peaceful rows of houses in this quiet section of town. Suddenly, as a bolt of lightning, something darted in front of the car. Twisting the steering wheel violently and mashing the brake pedal to the floor, Bill hoped to avoid hitting the object; but the "bump" on the fender told him that his efforts were in vain. Bill glanced into the rear-view mirror and saw a small, cinnamon puppy lying motionless on the pavement; then, a little girl, sobbing and calling her pet's name, rushed to the side of the lifeless form. The sight was a sad one, and Bill ached inside as he started to return to the scene of the accident. But then he remembered the new girl down the street and decided to forget about the little girl and her puppy and to be on his way. After all, what could he do now?

All afternoon, Bill thought about the accident. How would he feel if his own collie were killed by some careless driver who never returned? Bill detested the idea and hated himself for his thoughtlessness. Finally, able to stand this mental torture no longer, he returned to the little girl's house and confessed his deed to the youngster's parents. The girl's mother and father were very understanding and refused any payment for the dead pet. Bill returned home, but he knew that he would have to make some kind of amends for his carelessness. Early the next morning, Bill visited several pet shops in town until he finally came to one with a small brown puppy almost identical with the one he had killed.

The coming weekend would be Easter, and Bill had planned to spend his money on an Easter Bunny for the new girl down the street; now, he would have to make a choice. Purchasing the puppy, Bill delivered it immediately to the little girl. Just to see the child smile was solace; and at last, Bill was at peace with himself.

To drive his automobile at such speed in a residential area had been very foolish of Bill; but we are all capable, at one time or another, of foolishness. At such times, we can be grateful for our consciences. Bill Daves had learned the importance of John Calvin's statement: "The torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul."

Tony Scoville

SENIOR NEWS

(Continued from page 4, col. 1.) known as the Four Cockroaches, which they insist has become a by-word in our society.

Junior News Writers began as loving praisers of all mankind, writing lauding bits of poetry about their beloved classmates; in the end, after nine months of leering at ugly faces and feeling inferior, have resorted to writing cruel, slanderous, slashing, murderous bits of calumnies and loving no one.

We of the Senior Class leave the throne of M.B.A. (after a year of complete domination) to an un-arousing group known as the Junior Class—if they can hold it from the seventh grade.

Flash! The final calculations are in on the *Crude La Cross Superlatives*.

Most Like a Greek God—Big Daddy Pemberton

Purest Throughout and Sharpest Dresser—Love

Cooliest—Mr. Rogers

Hairiest—Milton Smith

Gawkiest—"Goon"

Best Girl Friend—Hooty Grossman

Biggest Beast—Mrs. Lowry

Most Easily Snowed—Joe

"Tinks" Howell

Biggest Belly—Santa Claus

Most Respectful to Teachers—Thompson

Best Driver—Moss

Most Likely to be Harlem

Globe-trotter—Joe Roberts

Most Energetic—Jud Harwood

Slowest Reader—Nielsen

Most Underprivileged—Jimmy Pickel

Most Mono-syllabic—Chip Hutchison

Most Humble—Prueher

Most Best and Generally Most Casual—Glenn

There has been much amazement concerning the speed of one Alex Porter, M.B.A.'s ace sprinter, at distances of less than 100 yards. We see no reason for this wonder. He has flashed everywhere else, why not across the finish-line? F.B.I. forms Florida dragnet to capture wily thieves who snatched priceless Venus de Milo statue from Daytona front yard. Antique finally fished out of motel swimming pool.

Gross Brute Quardable Quotes:

Porter: "Buzz . . . buzz . . . buzz . . . azzzz!"

Killebrew: "Azzzz . . . uhhhh . . . azzzz!"

Murray: "Man, I'm ready for a gang war."

Roberts: "Anybody want a free shark's tooth?"

Cherry: "Duh, what was that joke again?"

Howell: "Why, in all modesty, I consider myself one of the biggest snowmen . . ."

Daniel: "Kyuyk, Kyuyk, yuyk yuyk . . ."

Gaines: "Don't you think my legs are as big as The Rat's?"

Mrs. Lowry: "In your spare time" please read the grammar book, the literature book, Hamlet, Mien Kampf, and Mad.

"School's not so bad, But summer's better;

It gives me more time to see my girl!"

As the war chariots of the seniors rumble in the distance, we bid you all fair maids and mentally decrepit a fond adieu!

Sons of Shakespeare

Junior Class News

As the year draws to a close, the Junior Class eagerly anticipates the summer vacation, the warm weather, the days to be spent leisurely pondering the ensuing school year, at which time the juniors shall formally achieve senior status, a post of leadership, influence, respect and dignity, duties which our class has long since carried out in lieu of the Senior Class of the present year. But looking back at this year, it has been a year filled with work, an abundant share of play, a great deal of nonchalance, and an even more abundant share of heck-raising. One cannot forget the numerous times when Miss Mims led a discussion group, Mr. Rule said "It goes without saying," Hendrickson said "Please, not another black mark," Spook made forced landings, Kousser browed up Miss Mims, Beard told a joke,

(Continued on page 8, col. 1.)

"Home Is the Hunter"

Soldier Joe was going Home! Home! Home! Homesick and admitting it, Joe had thought of nothing else since he had boarded that troop ship for the Middle East three grueling years ago. He savored the thought of the old Home, anchored on the outskirts of that sweaty little Southern town. Every shack, every hotel, every hut, every kiosk—every building of any kind in that baked land—had brought poignant memories of the old Home.

Moreover, Joe hadn't been eating and sleeping and fighting and living and dying with soldiers for those long years. No, he had been existing with a platoon of fullgrown images of his three younger brothers. And that had been no dark-skinned, scimitar-wielding Commie behind that gutted wall; but that had been Joe's adopted Indian brother.

Now gently prodding his slit chest, this worn old nurse, plump from much childbearing, was the echo of his beloved mother. His father looked down at him from the deep eyes of the gaunt and withered ship's doctor. And in the next bed, a dainty, fragile girl—how could she have stood that inferno?—flooded his mind with thoughts of his most dear twin sister.

All of the ones Joe loved so much! His family! And they were all together. They were all at Home. Their Home . . . it wasn't a rich man's plantation by any means; but it was their palace, their Heaven. Big and old and squat and lovable was their Home; and they loved it; and it loved them and held them and was them. And Joe was on his way.

Same little old town, he thought, as he scuffed his way out the dusty, gullied road. Same trees. Same stores. All the same. And then there it was! The Home. Joe wrung his army cap as he gave thanks that the years had worked no change. Three long years had served only to make the old Home more lovely. Bounding through the singing gate, Joe skipped up the steps with the still-loose board that they used to bounce on. He laughed that his dad still hadn't fixed the broken transom.

Joe paused before the big door, relishing his family's surprise and their ecstasy. He hadn't written since he had gotten it. And he knew how his dad hated to write and that his mother and sister couldn't. Banging the door, Joe leaped aside, ready to spring out. He held his breath with glee. He let his breath out. He waited. Then he knocked again. The lock popped out of the door jam under his gentle shove. Joe grumbled that his folks were all out back and he had lost his chance for a surprise; but the familiar musty air hit him, and he inhaled a deep draught. He gazed rapturously on the crumbly wallpaper. Starting for the kitchen he saw the note.

"To my dearest son Joe,
We ran into a little bit of hard luck with the cotton and all and was a bit pressed for funds and your dear, sweet, sacrificing sister got into a heap of trouble in town and so your maw died and your brothers and I have gone to . . ."

Joe looked up. Plaster was dandruffing his hot wool army suit. The white sun shut his eyes as he staggered out. His beloved bouncing board thrust him to the clay. His face water mingled with the dust. "Damned Rotten House!" Paul Simpson

Mutual Shyness

I sat forward in my seat, looking out the window of the battered station wagon. Farm houses and barns came into view and then faded into the distance as we sped along the curving road. Beyond the hills to the right, I could catch glimpses of the brilliant blue of the lake.

"That is Lake Holston," the colored man at the wheel was saying. "It is fourteen miles long; the camp is near the end of it. We ought to be there in about 10 minutes," he continued.

He had talked incessantly from the moment we left the train station, but I had heard very little of what he was saying. Now suddenly I caught his words, looked down at his perspiring hands which tightly gripped the counselor's instruction sheet, and felt almost panic-stricken. Only ten minutes! Too late to turn back now!

I had been looking forward to this summer for the past six months. Not every boy gets the chance to be a camp counselor when he is only seventeen. Of course, I was going to be a junior counselor; but I could still ski and sail and ride every day. "Just like being paid for a perfect vacation," I thought.

Then school was out. In the five days that followed, I was too busy to think about anything except the fun I would be having. I got on the train at eight o'clock; and after a sleepless night, I was in Virginia. Now I was in the camp car; within minutes we would be on camp ground.

"This must be a dream," I thought. "Last night I was at home; now I am three hundred miles away." With confusion I remembered that I knew nothing about being a counselor. "How do you teach a six-year-old boy to swim or play tennis or sail?" I wondered. "And how do you take care of them twenty-four hours a day?" These were but a few questions that ran through my mind in the next few minutes.

I almost wanted to get out and walk back to the station. Like an answer to a prayer, the driver slowed down. He turned onto a small, dirt road. Once again his chatter caught my ear. "Well, this is it!" he said.

I saw sailboats and canoes on a broad expanse of lake. There were rows of identical cabins and some larger buildings. Next a ski dock, a pool, and a gymnasium came into view. Everything was bathed in the dazzling brilliance of the mid-morning sun.

During the next hour, I checked in, found my cabin, and met some of the other counselors. I began to feel more at ease until I realized that the other counselors were college students. They were, I was sure, experts at just about everything.

After lunch the campers began to arrive in cars. Everything seemed to be happening too fast, or maybe I was just one step behind. Now the campers were here, and I had not even unpacked yet. I reached into my pocket for the tattered counselor's instruction sheet. "Maybe it will tell me what to say when they come in," I hoped.

Just then the door opened, and three little boys walked in. I stood up and grinned awkwardly. After a minute of silence, I told them my name. Then all at once they quietly told me their names. We all four stood there and looked at each other. I tried desperately to think of something to say and finally suggested: "Do you all want to look around before you unpack?"

"Gosh, yes!" one said. The others nodded in agreement. We were starting out the door when the shortest one gathered his courage and looked up at me shyly. The other two flashed toothless, six-year-old grins; and in a few moments, we were all laughing.

"Why, they were the ones that were really scared," I thought. And then I turned to the smallest one, "You know, maybe we can go sailing this afternoon." Eslick Daniel

That Deadly Button

From the beginning of time, man has climbed ever upward in his search for the summit, the Eternal. Man has crawled to obtain

perfection in all fields. Indeed, now in 1978, man is far from the beast-like cave-man of ten thousand years ago. Man seemingly is now in the full light of information and achievement. Yes, even here at the central control house of the Red Flats Ballistic Missile Housing Center things are at their summit. The most destructive weapons that the world has ever known are found by the hundreds in this area. Even the radar is the best in the world—now being able to detect an object leaving from anywhere on the earth's surface.

These past twenty years have been "trying" ones, for in his search for the eternal summit in his works, man has overlooked one thing—how to coexist peacefully. The cold war has grown so tense that a full, twenty-four-hour-a-day alert is held on all military bases.

"Captain, do you think that the next shift will be ready to take over at nineteen-hundred hours?"

"I suppose so; you know, it's getting harder and harder to train these new men."

"Well, just the same, I . . . Hey, Captain, look on the screen! Aren't those tiny dots what the book says rockets taking off look like?"

"Good Lord! Those can't be rockets; they're rising so fast!"

"That's what they do; they rise and strike half way round the world in six minutes!"

"Call the General at once and ask what to do," boomed the Sergeant; "we haven't much time."

"Let me have this line!—I don't give a damn if your wife is having a baby! Oh no, the General is touring the parade column, and we don't have the time to find him."

Then I say fire! It's either fire or be cremated by a fire-ball."

"But, sir, the responsibility . . ."

"Hang the responsibility! Push buttons red and green for Moscow and Leningrad."

"They're fired, sir; what now?"

"I don't know; I wish I did know. I think in the Bible there is something about such a situation. I believe in Matthew XXIV it says something about nation rising against nation and kingdom against kingdom and all of the pestilences and famines and such that will occur. Could it be that I have started such a time of death and destruction?"

"I am sure that those are missiles, sir! Already the national warning has been sounded."

"Better send several hundred more toward China to be sure because more of the dots are rising now!"

And so it all started. Yes, the destruction of most of the world and all that is worth while is a horrible thing to think of, yet it happened. Millions died; bodies rotted into a sweet-smelling mash that was ankle deep in parts of the larger cities. Disease was rife.

Yes, man has indeed progressed a long way from his bows and arrows and rocks. Man has reached the summit, or has he? Remove the cloak of the few generations of knowledge or break a person's shell of security and individuality and what have you got? Indeed, can man be so smug and sure of himself? Can man ever obtain God in man's form of mortal flesh? Will man resist from pushing the button of self-destruction? Who can say if man will? Remember, however, that just as I destroyed the world by pushing a pen along, so man can destroy the world by pushing the button of doubt and greed. Tate Bradley

Bottom of the Afternoon



by Blue La Rue

We of the Blue La Rue staff wish to thank our many ardent readers for their faithfulness. This being the last issue, we think it only suitable to print the Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1960. Thus we present:

We the members of the graduating class of 1960, being of sound mind (?) and body, do bequeath in this our Last Will and Testament the following:

I, Dick Barry, leave my IBM machine to Morgan Kousser.

I, Tate Bradley, leave all my hairy beasts to Mrs. Lowry forever.

I, Buddy Cafferky, leave my homesty to Morgan Reynolds.

I, Pete Carman, leave my super-heterodyne receiver to anyone who can understand it.

I, Leighton Carmichael, leave my profound mathematical knowledge to Mr. Rogers.

I, Jim Cheek, leave my ebullient personality to Buddy Vaughn.

I, Frank Cherry, leave my unsurpassable wit and perspicacity to Barry Smith.

I, Jimmy Cheshire, leave my elevators to Russ Dille.

I, Chris Cockrill, leave my posterity.

I, Jack Collin, leave my White Rose to Nick Baum.

I, Lewis Dale, leave when Louise tells me to.

I, Eslick Daniel, leave my forward and risqué ways with the fair sex to the self-made few who might wish it.

I, Larry Davis, leave to join the National Harlem Symphony.

I, Bobby Frit, leave my sinful exhibitions to George Curry.

I, Bob Gaines, leave my devout convictions to be revered.

I, Sam Glasgow, leave my mind to whoever can find it.

I, Alan Glenn, leave my efficacious cider still to the U.S. Bureau of Revenue.

I, Hoody Grossman, leave my undying admiration to my least facetious friend, L. S.

I, Bill Griffin, leave my broken body as a target for next year's rifle team.

I, Bill Hancock, leave my chocolates to Stevie.

I, Willie Hardison, leave my rapacious tendencies to all my famished followers.

I, Aubrey Harwell, usually leave about one.

I, Jud Harwood, leave my golden throat to Bobby Finks.

I, Joe Howell, leave to pawn my collection of sorority pins.

I, Chip Hutchison, leave my unobtrusive mannerisms to Coach Matlock.

I, Jimmy Killebrew, leave my body to the glue factory.

I, Doug Love, leave (for analysis) my breath to the Science Department.

I, Bill Marks, leave my reticence to Phil Hendrickson.

I, Bob Mathes, leave everybody else on the road behind.

I, Jack McClelland, leave Mrs. Hollins a broken heart.

I, Pete Moss, leave four of my cylinders to Damon.

I, Danny Murray, leave a primrose path of pestilence.

I, Craig Nielson, leave my base idealism to all philosophers who can comprehend it.

I, Joe Palmer, finally leave . . . maybe.

I, Mike Pemberton, leave the entire contents of my trunk to be evenly distributed among the forthcoming seniors.

I, Jimmy Pickel, leave my composure to Mr. Rule.

I, Alex Porter, leave my kissing ability to Spook.

I, Wilson Prueher, leave my unskillful character to Chris Williams.

I, Joe Roberts, leave my truthtum-shaped physique to Tommy Strohm.

I, Sam Robertson, leave with a muddled mind.

I, Tony Scoville, leave my bottle of peroxide to Rick Carter.

I, Don Shriver, leave to promote my primitive prowess with Patsy.

I, Paul Simpson, leave my undying, sacrificial compassion to all disconsolate mortals.

I, Milton Smith, leave the

ANNUAL DEDICATION



Mrs. Patterson, recipient of THE 1960 BELL dedication.

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CALDWELL SHELL SERVICE STATION
Harding Road

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For Those Who Want
The Best in Shoe Repairing
Green Hills Village
(Next Door to Chesters)

Compliments
of
Logan Center Barber Shop

Coles & Waller Jewelers
519 Union Street

much-explored hills of South Ontario for more fertile fields.

I, Dale Sullivan, leave for Alaska where snow is obtained more easily.

I, Jody Therrell, leave my English notes to Howard Dickinson.

I, Mike Thompson, leave my pacifism and my playtoys to Bobby Fox.

I, Allen Wallace, leave to acquire a more propitious harem.

I, Tommy Webb, leave my den of iniquity to venture toward salvation.

I, Bandy Wenning, leave for California via Cape Horn.

I, John Witherspoon, leave to attend the John Lee Hooker Institute of Gut Bucket.

I, Bob Wood, leave my rhetorical questions to Mr. Meriwether.

Farewell!



MARCOONS TAKE TENNIS CROWN

—BULLETIN—

MBA has just finished in first place in the T.S.S.A.A. Regional Tennis Tournament. This tournament, the first of its kind, was held for Nashville and the surrounding areas, including Clarksville and Gallatin. The MBA tennis team received a trophy cup for its winning play. In addition, Bobby Frist took first in singles match play by beating many netters, including Dick Stroupe of Doneson and Bill Hartnett of Ryan. Jim Cheek took the runner's-up trophy in singles by beating second seeded Steve Ward of MBA. In doubles, Steve Ward and Bobby Frist took top honors and the winner's trophy. Mike Thompson and Jim Cheek took the runner's-up trophy. Overall, MBA won all five of the Boy's Division trophies. The T.S.S.A.A. Regional Tennis Tournament has been planned as an annual event to be played toward the end of each tennis season in the future.

Sports Highlights Of 1960

by Willie Hardison and Company

FOOTBALL:	
M.B.A. 20	Hillsboro 0 Success!
M.B.A. 28	18 St. Xavier
M.B.A. 28	0 Clarksville
M.B.A. 13	0 Gallatin
M.B.A. 0	0 Ryan
M.B.A. 12	13 C.B.H.S.
M.B.A. 32	13 Springfield
M.B.A. 9	12 Oak Ridge
M.B.A. 14	21 Litton
M.B.A. 20	0 Hillsboro

To the team members:

Each game is a story within itself. After the St. Xavier game in Louisville, the season looked long; but the Maroons bounced back tremendously against Clarksville. The Wildcats never penetrated farther than the M.B.A. 40 yard line. After this success, the Big Red halted the previously unbeaten, unscorced-on Gallatin Greenwave. In their first AAA game, the Maroons battled to a scoreless tie—"If only we hadn't fizzled on the three-yard line!" The team then dropped a heart-breaker to the powerhouse from Memphis, losing in the last two minutes. Said C.B.H.S. Coach Tom Nix after the game: "M.B.A. out-knocked us the whole game; we were very fortunate to win." Not enough can be said about our homecoming victory over Springfield—touchdown passes of 58, 37, and 5 yards in addition to touchdown runs of 71 and 48 yards accounted for the scoring. Besides being a close, hard-fought game, the Oak Ridge game had another amusing highlight: early in the third quarter, a ridge runner picked up a kick and ran 65 yards the wrong way for a score for M.B.A. after being tackled by Lewis Dale. This story, incidentally, appeared in the *New York Times*. Against Litton, M.B.A. had more first downs, more passing yardage, and more rushing yardage, but Litton had the advantage on the score board. As for the Hillsboro game, since "brevity is the soul of wit," We Romped!

Cafferky, Walker chosen All City.

Smith, All AAA.

Killebrew received the "Most Improved Player" Award.

Harwood, the "Best Blocker" Award.

Whitmer, the "Best Tackle" Award.

Grossman, the "70 Yard Club" Award.

During the year M.B.A. received the WLAC Sportsmanship Award.

UNDER THE STANDS

Copyright revised—1960

Unless the baseball team gets more support next year, it is rumored that they may move their franchise to the West Coast. Seriously, a little encouragement could bring a baseball championship to MBA next year.



Also on the baseball scene is the winner of this month's "About Face Award," which goes to the Detroit Tigers. The "Comeback Award" goes to all the seniors who fall the English IV exam.

The Health Club booms as the "Ineligibles" take over. For the record, Joe Roberts' money was refunded. Some other MBA students were reported working their bodies at Sulphur Dell.

Congratulations to district high-jumpers champ John Stevens. After his victory John said: "Well, I'm getting faster; but I haven't been able to score so many points knocking over hurdles." Keep up the work, John; maybe you can be in the Steeplechase next year.

Derby Results: Venetian Blinds came down first. Bourbon Prince took a fifth. It was Divine Comedy while it lasted, but in a second there was a Bally Ache.

At the dragstrip, Harry Sanders' car was voted the "Can-beat-any-body-in-three-weeks" car for the seventh consecutive week. Allen McDaniel, Harry's good bud, is quoted as saying: "Yeah, but wait until Sanders gets his car fixed up in about three weeks." "Flash" Porter was top eliminator at Union Hill last week. He turned in 105 m.p.h., even with a loose spike.

We Request All Hats Removed and Reverence for One Minute.

Now is the time of the year when a certain mystic fragrance seethes through the air and a mist comes to the eyes. Even among friends it is often unbearable. A change is against my way of life. Some of us are strong and can stand up to the force. I myself, after five years at the academy, have finally reached the breaking point. The end was bound to come sometime. Where's the soap? I gotta take a bath.

BEE OH (columnist) Big Tom (A.W.O.L.)

See ya'll August 15.

The team hopes to have another successful year under the leadership of David Walker, captain and Bill Shwab, co-captain.

Basketball: M.B.A. won first three district victories over T.P.S., Howard, and Cohn. The last five games of the season were also victorious. The team ended the season with a record of 13 wins and 8 losses in addition to being the fourth seeded team in the Eighteenth District Tournament.

The Maroons were defeated by Hume Fogg, the ultimate champions of the district, by a score of 58 to 55, although the Big Red led by as much as nine points in the third quarter. The high scoring of Captain Bobby Frist, the rebounding of Daniel and Simpson, and the brilliant floor play of Thompson and Smith, together with the aid of Shwab, Dale, Rippey, Bradley, and Porter made this year's team one of M.B.A.'s finest in several years.

Track: The 880-yard relay team

posts the best time in the state of 1:33.6 as of May 11. The 440-yard relay team has best time in middle Tennessee of 45.1 as of May 11.

Both of these times are new school records. School records were also set by the mile-relay team (3:35.2), by Alex Porter in the 440-yard dash (51.4), and by Chip Hutchinson in the pole vault (10 feet-four inches). Three other records were missed only very slightly in the 220 by Alex Porter, in the broad jump by Jud Harwood, in the mile by Allen McDaniel, and in the discus by Russ Dilley.

On Saturday morning, May 7, M.B.A. received the second place trophy for District II Track Meet. It has been stated that this year's team is the best since 1956, and the records that have been broken show this fact.

Wrestling: With the financial help of the Fathers' Club and numerous friends of the school, with the inspiration of Mr. Carter



Pickel sends Moss into third 440 of the BANNER mile relay.

Diamond Details

M.B.A. started off this year's baseball season with a very inexperienced team. Not being too strong this year, they should have a good foundation to build upon in the following years.

Senior members of the team include Tate Bradley, Bill Griffin, Billy Bob Whitmer, and Captain Jimmy Killebrew. Killebrew, who was a potential All-City prospect, injured his ankle while playing touch football, rendering himself incapable of finishing the season.

Juniors include Ross Peebles, and "Sluggo" Paul Francis. Sophs include John Atkins, John Myhr, Spike Hupka (also somewhat of a slugger), Gareth Aden, Charlie Bryan, and John Mazach. Freshmen are Dave Nicholas and Jay Kennel. Gordon Smith is the lone eighth grader.

The pitchers are Jay Kennel, Gordon Smith, Tate Bradley, and John Mazach.

Although the team did not have an impressive season in the win-loss column, it gained a lot of experience and know-how which will be the foundation of a winning team next year. Coach Matlock feels that his boys are on the way to the top; however, support of the team is practically a necessity for success. The student body is requested to support the succeeding teams.

—John Mazach

Hutchinson clears bar at 10'4" to set new MBA record at BANNER relays.

and under the guidance of Steve Stevenson of the Phi Delta Theta chapter of Vanderbilt, M.B.A. introduced a wrestling team to rank among the other competitive sports at M.B.A. The new team, consisting of boys from the ninth through the twelfth grade, all new to the sport, undertook four meets. The inexperienced maters made their first trip to McCallie where wrestling has been a major sport for many years. Although the team suffered an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the McCallie boys, it gained invaluable experience after the meet from their opponents who divulged several phases of their art. Several weeks later Columbia Military Academy, also an accomplished team of the mid-south, handed M.B.A. its second defeat—but not without a fight! Danny Murray and Rhodes Zimmerman won their individual bouts; several boys tied; but a few boys were pinned in the opening seconds, as in the humiliation a few weeks before. The next two meets were with Castle Heights and with the Phi Delta Fraternity

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(Continued on page 9, col. 4)

On the Track

The Big Red tracksters have rolled along in fine style this spring, winning two regular season meets and placing second in another. After placing second to Cohn in a field of four in the first meet, the team overwhelmed neighborhood rivals Ryan and Hillsboro by winning nine of the sixteen events. In the last meet, M.B.A. grabbed first place by ½ point over T.P.S. and Franklin.

Highlights of the season have been five new school records. The relay team composed of Willie Hardison, Jimmy Pickel, Pete Moss, and Alex Porter set records in the 440-yard and mile relays.

The same team, with Robert Orr running the last leg, set a new record in the 880-yard relay. Between the record-breaking relay races, Alex Porter, the school's top dash man, set a new record in the 440-yard dash. On the same night, Chip Hutchinson smashed the school pole vault record by eight inches with a jump of 10 feet and four inches, which was the second best jump in N.I.L. competition.

Top scorer of the season was Jud Harwood. He had about 42 points from the broad jump, pole vault, 440-yard dash, and 100-yard dash.

The team had several qualifiers for the regional meet at T.P.S. which precedes the state meet. Among these, the 440-yard and 880-yard relay teams look best against state competition.

Some of the best runners the school has had are leaving today; but the team has several fine prospects coming up. With the grade school boys participating in track now, and with all the promising freshmen on the varsity, the future looks very bright for M.B.A. track.

Russ Dilley

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2302 West End Ave., Across from the Vanderbilt Campus

Golf

The MBA golf team began the season by defeating a poor Father Ryan team by the score of 5 to 1 but was defeated by Hillsboro the following week 4 to 2. This defeat to Hillsboro was somewhat mitigated by Frank Hutchinson's victory over Hillsboro's number one man, who is ranked sixth in the city. The team then stomped West 6 to 0, but lost to Dupont and Lipscomb. On April 30, the golf team departed for Chattanooga to participate in the Southern Interscholastic Golf Tournament. Although the team did not fare too well, much valuable experience was gained. This year's team was seriously handicapped by the loss of its first two men; yet for a young team it did fairly well. Next year, with the loss of only one of the starting four and seven of the nine who qualified for the team returning, MBA can hope for better fortune and possibly the N.I.L. Schoolboy Championship.

—Rhodes Zimmerman

HARDING ROAD BARBER SHOP
"Boys Are Our Specialty"

SENIOR TEA LEAVES

by Sons of Shakespeare

	Nickname	Where Found	Ambition	What Saying
Barry	Deen	Al's	To Integrate	"Duh. . ."
Bradley	Jack the Beast	Studying Nazi Torture Methods	To Prove There Is No Santa	"Look at the baby robin bleed."
Cafferky	Cat	Raiding Distilleries	To Re-instate Prohibition	"I was just practicin' up on my ly-
Carman	Igmoo	Working in Radio Shop	To Fix One	ing.
Carmichael	Anonymous	Susan B's	To Formally Take Over Mr. Rogers' Class	"All right! Where's my aluminum rectifier?"
Cheek	Pablo	Sharpening Watusi's Spear	To Have a Spear of His Own	"Hey, Aubrey, let's go to Ireland's"
Cherry	Buster	In Pensive Meditation	To Remember a Joke	"Duh. . . duh. . . huh huh. . . duh. . ."
Cheshire	Jim the Stilt	Taking Stretching Exercises	To Play Pro Basketball	"Mommy, where are my Alder elevators?"
Cockrill	Big Daddy	Waving the "Bloody Shirt"	To Get Away	"Tell her I'm not home."
Collin	Greasy	Stacking Greased B.B.'s	(CENSORED)	"Don't call me greasy."
Dale	Cannibal	Mooning	To Cast Aside His Bonds of Hepecked Servitude	"Ah, please, Louise."
Daniel	Gooney	In Front of a Mirror	To Have a Date	"Hello. Oh! Is this a girl? . . . CLICK."
Davis	Good Jelly	At the Symphony	To Be Adopted by Bo Diddle	"Go, Leonard Bernstein, go. . ."
Frist	Fuzz Face	Guzzling	To Be As Hairy As Shriver	"Gimme a Chug."
Gaines	Boobs	Kicking Little Chickens into the Creek	To Live Reverently	"CENSORED. . ."
Glasgow	Sin Bad	Sinning in Sin Den	To Sin	"I love to sin."
Glenn	Buzz	Wolfing His Cookies	To Have a Boy	"Just so they get pants. . ."
Griffin	Young Bill	Killing Baby Songbirds	To Get a Machine Gun	"I'm not a Frosty Morn."
Grossman	Pooty	In Solitude with His Babe, Simpson	To Correct the Doctor	"Hey, what you boys doin'?"
Hancock	Charlatan	Buying More Cameras	To Own the Nikon Co.	"Come see my new lens."
Hardison	Down on the farm	Down on the farm	To Stay in Shape Over the Weekend	"I'm quitting track."
Harwell	Watusi	Playing with His Spear	(Already Fulfilled)	"Ahhhh. . ."
Harwood	Bleb	Annie's	To Beat Hutchison in Something	"Where's my darling Jan. . . I mean Annie?"
Howell	Crash	Socializing	To Ring Tinka Bell	"Oh, mon, that's just red paint on my collar."
Hutchison	Old Faithless	In Front of Mirror Admiring Himself	To Beat Up Glenn	"Darling, I once thought how Theogridus had sung."
Killebrew	Grandberry	Nursing His Ankle	To Get Unringed Because of Rumors	"Gosh, you should have seen what happened to Weldon."
Love	Nic-o-tene	Opium Parlor	To Have a Date with an American	"Yes, they do have twenty-thous-
Marks	Hawkeyes	(Not Looked For)	To Find a Business Manager for '61	and tiny filter traps."
Mathes	Cotton	Rockin' with the Beast	To Be Bradley's Assistant	"Haw. . . Haw!"
McClelland	Guill-e-boo	Competing with Shriver for Girls	To Snow Somebody—Anybody	"I wish I had a Corvette."
Moss	Joseph Persius	Groping for the Light Switch	To Run on All Eight Cylinders	"O.K., baby, this is Big Jack, let's move."
Murray	Dack Stick	Under a Rock	To Be Legally 21	"Ah, Randle."
Nielson	Sporting Life	Raising (CENSORED)	To Learn to Enjoy Good Books	"Look at him flash."
Palmer	Bloat's Brother	In Seclusion	To Find a Hiding Place on the Campus	"School is for the birds."
Pemberton	John C. Barleycorn	In the Gutter	To Cure Hang-Over	"I wish I had a St. Bernard."
Pickel	Juicy, Black	Next Door	To Get Susan Back	"I've been accepted at Cal Tech!"
Porter	Suppy	Eating Dust from Curley's Heels	To Kill Old Crows	"She has quadrupletimed me."
Prueher	W. D.	At Cynthia B's	To Have a Big, Black Box of His Own	"Taste this."
Roberts	Stump	*Y*	To Become an Inverted Prisma-toid	"She just about asked me for the date."
Robertson	Sammekins	Censoring This Feature	To Determine Who Wrote This	"Just this one last time. . ."
Scoville	Scote	Worshipping Burros	To Be Able to Pass at Hillsboro	"No, Jud, you can't switch to news."
Shriver	Pig Iron	Chasing Charlie Bamblin	To Not Be So Fierce	"Hillsboro is a good school."
Simpson	Friendly	Grieving Over the Community Problems	To Further the Interests of His Fellow Man	"You're asking for a fight, Bub."
Smith	Yogi	Holding Hands	To Be As Hairy As S. O.	"Can I be of any assistance, fellow class-mate."
Sullivan	Whale-T. . .	Counting His Women	To Not Be Such a Snow King	"A three-dollar bottle of pink, please."
Therrell	Leftover	With Margaret S.	To Get Out in Five Years	"The physics test was crisp."
Thompson	Sweet Stuff	Sucking His Thumb	To Be a Good Boy	"Yuk, yuk."
Wallace	Rejected	(Who Cares?)	(Get Serious!)	"I wune ta play with little dolly."
Webb	Deacon	In Jail	To Be Most Wanted	(His words are too garbled.)
Wenning	Bambi Weiner	Being Disappointed	To Have a Tale To Tell	"Gimme a Drag."
White	Chicken Yellow	Fleeing from Shriver	Director of Subterranean Sanitation	"Man, I'm cool."
Whitmer	Slim	With Girls	To Be As Slim As Roberts	"Hey, Roberts. Is that guy after us?"
Witherspoon	Duane	At Maceo's	To Be As Cool As Little Walter	"Yea, I'm the best tackle on the team."
Wood	Idleness	Goofing	To Quit School	"My pop is not J. Reed."

JUNIOR NEWS

(Continued from page 5, col. 5)

Peebles didn't catch the joke, Reynolds skipped practice, and somebody borrowed money from King. Lately some juniors took giant steps into the realm of politics. On the local scene, Big Chief Hat, also known as Big Tom, united political factions with Good Jelly. Internationally speaking, Williams held a press conference with Fidel to discuss the world situation. "Beep-Beep" McDaniel, while cruising over Russia, made a forced landing, and was captured by the Soviets for diverse activities. Moreover, when the Soviets discovered "Beep-Beep" to have flown without a plane, they were forced to print fake pictures of an airplane crash.

Here at M.B.A. illusive Reynolds consistently insists he is a cow as he continues to ring cow bell. Despite the weather, Shwab wears short-sleeved shirts to display his newly acquired Cosmo build. We must ask Shwab to refrain from displaying his virility, for Kousser has that look in his eye. Also, in study hall, "Spic" Williams spends his time keeping up the

correspondence with his new pen pal Annette Funicello. In recent lunch room demonstrations, Smith, Baum, and Co. made another attempt to integrate Beard's table. We are happy to report that Baum's lads were defeated by Beard's buds. "Tobacco Patch" Reynolds finds that a ride before school keeps his nicotine fix under control.

To hit the sports note, congratulations must be given to Rhoads Zimmerman for consistently looking for golf tee stubs above and beyond the call of duty. Incidentally, Coach Matlock has found the answer to putting a man on base. He simply sends Reynolds to the plate with instructions to let his nose be hit. Shrewd strategy, Coach!

On the social scene, it was reported that "Eats" Ligon, the "Bad Junior," was nominated President of Teen Town after organizing the ticket taking. It seems "Eats" platform was his promise to dance at least once with every girl there (he is in such constant demand). Also at East Teen Town, two juniors met with severe defeats. Ex-MBA-er Dennis Collins and his

rocking trio made a dramatic exit from the dance while Metcalf got shafted by a girl for another girl. Big Tom, in an effort to keep his snow car in good shape, recently was seen taking looks of his hair to scrub his white walls. When asked why, he answered: "I'm out of Brillo pads." Also on the social scene, Ransom quits King and becomes lone wolf. Rau snows carnival performer; Ward finally discovers what a "rocking good time" is; deZevallos snakes Harwell; Ball takes Therra's pin; and Weesner takes out a "nice" girl.

Questions most frequently asked of juniors these days:

"Orville, why does everybody use your legs for golf clubs?"

"Say, 'Eats,' how is 'knubs'?"

"Frank, why do you want to be a hind catcher?"

"Hey, Todd, will Morehead let you go out with the boys Friday?"

And now, we close another year.

Dee Metcalf

Sophomore Class News

Here it is! Our last deep, dark, secretive edition for everyone to take home and try to figure out.

We dedicate this last issue to our kind-hearted teachers and to ourselves, who have worked so very hard the whole year and are glad to be finished at last. And finally we wish to recognize Chas. Wray and Allen Kennedy who did not once fail to complain about our mishandling of news and its very hidden meaning.

Now we present these fond memories of our kind teachers who have helped to make the year miserable.

To Mrs. Sims: We will always remember your little twenty-minute chats in the office before our six-weeks test. Your friendly little jokes and our standing up and sitting down when you entered the room and your sight translations and your six-weeks test in advance are dear to us. But all jocularity aside, we will always remember you as one of our best teachers and friends, our helper and guide. To the one who has helped us the most, we say "Thank You."

To Mr. Rule:

At telling jokes you are the best,

But your six-weeks tests we liked less. You explained and explained, but you didn't quite get through, to us. Your pupils. We wish we understood, too. At board illustrating, you really are great; Your talents you show and think they will rate. But to you we say: "Get on the ball!" "Get from out of the front of the board!" "For we can't see anything at all."

All kidding aside, to you we say we learned a lesson every day. Don't ever be a prude or think things crude; just be happy to be what you are, be efficient and right and keep up to par.

To Mr. Pafford: You handle your biology lab just fine. And the rat or the worm you will dissect anytime. But we, your students, still regret the smell

(Continued on page 9, col. 1)

